

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

VOL. I

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MAY DAY NUMBER



THE RED FLAG.

The People's flag is deepest red, / It shrouds off, our martyred dead; / And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold / Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

Look 'round! the Frenchman loves its blaze, / The sturdy German chants its praise; / In Moscow's vaults, its hymns are sung, / Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might / When all ahead seemed dark as night; / It witnessed many a deed and vow, / We will not change its color now.

It suits today, the meek and base / Whose minds are fixed on self and place; / To cringe beneath the rich man's frown, / And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered, swear we all, / To bear it onward till we fail; / Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim, / This song shall be our parting hymn!

Chorus:

Then raise the SCARLET STANDARD high / Beneath its folds, we'll live and die, / Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer, / We'll keep the RED FLAG flying here.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER

REAR 412-420 FRONT AVE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

Spokane Local Unions of the Industrial Workers of the World

JAMES WILSON Editor

TELEPHONE MAIN 1566

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The Industrial Worker is published by workingmen. We have no capital. Subscriptions and orders must always be prepaid.

Application has been made for admission of this publication to second class mail matter.

What have you to lose by joining the Industrial Workers of the World?

Let the next May Day, and every May Day mean more wages and shorter hours; more time to play and laugh and more and better food to eat.

The Industrial Union in France should sing to the "mother" country: "I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother—I'm to be Queen of the May!"

The "Spokane Chronicle" praises the local carpenters' (A. F. of L.) union as being lawful, etc. This is enough—we can't and won't rub it in!

"Fight for our country—our homes!" Think of a blanket stiff fighting to defend the box car he slept in last night—or fighting to show his love for a lousy tent in a grading camp—his home! Rats!

The city workers will hardly enjoy the First of May: with roses at \$9.00 per dozen, and the "walk that costs a meal," Nature will not smile for them. Yet the workers have grown all the flowers and cooked all the meals.

The birds sing on May Day—why shouldn't they? They have their homes, and their families. They live naturally. Do you feel like singing, workingman, as you count the ties on the railroad, with your blankets on your back?

After your last day's work is done, which will give you the most satisfaction: to think of the dollars you have earned for an idler, or to think of the help you have been to yourself and the working class by helping to organize the workers in the name of Humanity?

Above all things May Day should unite the workers. Let us forget all the old, sad squabbles which have divided us. The Industrial Union welcomes all workers who come to us with good will! Let us form one solid front against the common enemy—the employer!

Now that the Industrial Union in France has shown the world once more that the power of the workers can defy a government and with no politicians to betray them, it is laughable to see the antics of the would-be leaders who are whining that the Industrial Union is too "radical," etc.

Every member of the I. W. W. should always carry a pocket full of reading matter, wherever he goes. Take along a bunch of the "Address to Wage-Workers," and some copies of the constitution, and the "Industrial Union Handbook." These will get the scum off the workers eyes.

The Headquarters of the I. W. W. is at 310 Bush Temple, Chicago, Ill. Vincent St. John is the General Secretary-Treasurer of the Union, and Wm. E. Trautmann is the Assistant Secretary and General Organizer. Get a copy of the "Industrial Union Handbook" and learn how we lace it to the boss.

According to reports made to the New York legislature, there are over 200,000 idle workers in New York City alone. The legislature will "investigate"—on full stomachs. The workers in the meantime should investigate the food supply, and sample it. This will require organization. The I. W. W. means porterhouse steak for the "unemployed!"

A "fairy-tale" of progress: houses with carpeted rooms in a grading camp; decent food; bath tubs; four or six hours a day of work—for the present; first-class beds; no lice—but all this will seem like an old story in a few years, and Industrial Union will do what seems now like a pipe-dream. Think of the fine house the boss lives in! Where do you live?

An industrial union includes all the workers in any industry in the same place, no matter what they do. This is to line up all the workers who are working for the same boss, or the same company, against that boss or that company. The I. W. W. card is good on any job, in any industry, in any trade, in any country, at any time, where the Industrial Union is organized. One Union, one Label, one Enemy!

E. H. Abernathy is the business agent of the porters' union No. 11,632 of the American Federation of Labor. He says that he is a free-born American citizen and complains of the Japs hoarding their money. But this business agent has not a word to say against the bosses hoarding the money that the workers earn but don't get. Free-born! A worker is a slave, but what can be said of "a smile in chains?"

The "Industrial Worker" is not the official organ of the General Administration of the I. W. W. The official organ is the "Industrial Union Bulletin." The "Industrial Worker" is printed by the Industrial Unions of Spokane, Wash., and is answerable to the General Executive Board of the I. W. W. in that the "Worker" must conform to the constitution and principles of the Industrial Workers of the World.

It is not true that the employer can at once raise his prices if the workers compel a raise of wages. The boss would as quickly pay \$10.00 per day as \$1.00 per day if he could simply charge that much more tomorrow for his goods. A partial rise in wages for a part of the working class does not necessarily mean improvement for the working class at large. But the general rise in wages, means a general fall in profits. The interest of the workers is everywhere the same: more wages and less work per day. The interest of the employers is everywhere just the opposite: less wages, and more work per day. These opposing interests are the cause of the war between

the makers of wealth and the takers of wealth; between the toilers and the spoilers; between the rich and the poor; between employers and workers; in short, the class struggle.

MAY DAY AND THE RED FLAG

Springtime and the returning sun have warmed the bodies and cheered the hearts of the human race, and ever since men began to write their thoughts, there have been Spring songs and Spring festivals. Whether the feasts in honor of the Sun among the Peruvians, or the May Pole dance among the Britons and Saxons; all were celebrations and rejoicings, and the awakening of Nature spoke of awakening hope to men. The Glory of the Future—the bitter pangs of the Past forgotten—the trumpet blast of Hope; all these made the Spring festival, not only sweet with flowers but a powerful spur to Action. The modern "Spring poet" is as degenerate as the dollar-marked sentiment and writings of the decaying days of the wage system. The stirring poem, the thrilling call to action, the challenge that defies the master from the shop and from the scaffold—what of them? Only too well does the employing class know the influence of the emotions! Watchful are the bloodhounds of society to strike down the hand which points to tomorrow, and to silence the voice which says, "Courage" to slaves! But as well sweep back the tide of the ocean as to stifle the voice of the working class. But a few years since, as August Spies stood on the gallows, he cried out: "The day will come when our Silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today." That Day has come. No longer is it possible to execute and torture the working class; and the workers keep silence. We can now speak, if not here today, then there tomorrow. The bulwarks of superstition and ignorance have been entered by the Revolution. The Army of the Workers has but to enter and possess the City of Industry.

Let those who wander among the tombs of the past and seek in vain to stop the whirl of the earth, mourn over failure and defeat! Let the Jeremiads beat their ash-covered heads and wring their hands in vain for the "good old times"—which never existed; for when Hope is gone the man is dead. What care the dead for the breath of flowers? What can stir the unburied dead—the hopeless—the slavish? Certainly their hearts will not be warmed by the cold croaking of the critics nor their eyes caught by the pale flag of truce.

Hope is magnetic. Hope is contagious. Hope is the one gift of the gods which we lose last. We plod so! We are so used to looking down, that we forget that there is anything in the Future for us. We are like the man in the forest who could find no wood. Hungry in the midst of plenty, ragged as we pass the shelves loaded with clothing, the fault is with us if we shiver or hunger!

May Day is the Day of Labor's Freedom. Each recurring year and each returning May Day must be but one more chamber and one larger chamber till the Nautilus has left its shell forever. Today in all lands the Red Flag is waving—here—there—everywhere. The Empire of Labor is the only one on which the sun will never set. The "fiery Frenchman" and the "sturdy German" are thrilled by the same emotions as they wave the Banner of Labor to the breeze. The only Flag of Freedom; the only Flag of Manhood and Womanhood; its color shows the blood relationship of the workers of the world!

The Industrial Union, the Industrial Workers of the World, call on the workers to unite today. Leave your work and lay plans for the insurrection and the revolt of the slaves. Let May Day be a shuddering and a warning to the parasites, to the robbers of labor. Do you work ten hours a day? Strive for the eight-hour day. Do you work eight hours? Strive for six hours. As time goes on, as May Day after May Day marks the gaining of better and better conditions for the workers, until finally the Revolution has swept away the employing class, our own Red Labor Day will mean more, will mean everything, to the workers.

May Day, the Red Flag and the Revolution, Forever!

A DISGRACE TO HUMANITY

The "Spokesman-Review" is the local representative of the Standard Oil Co.—of the Jim Hill railroad, of the Washington Water Power Co. It will print anything, do anything for a dollar—but be decent. It is a social leper, a journalistic pariah. It is a whirlpool of deceit and the personification of infamy; pretending to boast of "civic virtue," its pages are a veneral clinic! How in God's name a decent man can be found who will work on such a paper is a mystery! How a member of the 150,000 Club can be induced to take home such a paper with its syphilitic panaceas, to be read by his young children is a wonder! This is the sheet which howls about "law and order" and whose peewee editor proposes to solve the unemployed problem with longer sentences on the rockpile and with a bigger chain-gang, and which has been always on the side of the employers and against the workers. That such a gutter sheet can circulate among the "respectables" of Spokane, is a fitting commentary on the morals of a city which has denied the right of free speech to workingmen who protest against robbery and crime. The den of infamy from which this rag is sent forth to perjure and slander the unions of workingmen, is often referred to as the "tall tower." Workingman, stranger, who come to Spokane to better your condition with the foolish idea that the West is still without the grasp of capitalism, let the "tall tower" implore from you at least the passing tribute of a curse! For Grandma Durham to prate about "law and order" is like a skunk talking about the fragrance of violets. The "Review" devotes much space to advertisements of medicines for worn-out rounders: "to weak men," etc. Grandma should try a few bottles—about a barrel to start with.

NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW

"Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher; Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire."

For years and years, the working class of America have listened to the sermons of the preachers, the promises of the politicians and have tightened their belts to silence their stomachs as they waited, waited for the hyena of Capital to become the loving brother of Labor. The tariff, the coinage, this set of politicians or that set have interested the workers in the past and these comedies—politics—have fooled workingmen into the belief that they had interests in common with their masters. Workers have dreamed that a piece of paper printed with employers' laws would be a shield to turn the bullets of the militia. Rifle diet, injunction "Bills," abolition of liberty for the working man's press and the throttling of his spoken protests, the daily arrest, the clubbings, the mockery of law; all these are teaching workers that they have no rights unless able, themselves, to enforce those rights.

The Lion of Labor has been dazzled by the glitter of patriotism, by the flicker of political schemes which one by one have sunk to embers and then gone out. The Lion, with bristling mane, has but to realize the blackness of the night of employers' misrule before its fangs will tear the throat of insolent capitalism. Inch by inch has the working class crept nearer and nearer the velvet tent of Capital. If, with all possible deception and superstition, in the press, in the school and in the church—helped by a ready support of militia and bayonets—the working class, deluded, divided, confused, have hardly been kept at bay, what will the workers do when

they act with all the past experience of craft division and political division—spurred on by the sharp goad of life-or-death necessity.

The "Scarlet Letter A" has today a different meaning from the one in the days of Hawthorne's Salem hags—"A," today stands for Agitator, pilloried now as then for being a scandal to the Church and State. The wrongs against which the agitators cry out are not alone the excesses of tyranny; it is the every day poverty, the habitual lack; the common misery and wretchedness of the working class. The purpose of the Industrial Union is not to strike at results, the frantic turning of the worm, ground beneath the heel of economic despotism. The purpose of the I. W. W. is the complete uprooting of the capitalist system. Nothing less will be sufficient. With the press of the employing class at last admitting the "grave danger" of the growing power of Industrial Union, with the breaking away, even by the colleges and institutions of learning, from the old ways of thinking, will any one be found who can coldly deny the trend of events, and the meaning of all the signs of the times? The economic—the bread-and-butter—foundations of society must be changed by the working class, and then in the rear of the triumphal march of labor, will be found the class parasites, at last without a ruling class to serve, for classes will be abolished. The object lesson of the power of Industrial Union, which has lately been shown so plainly in France will never be lost on the workers. As well expect the race to forget the power of steam, or the speed of the telegraph. The workers are the majority.

"Men of Labor, heirs of glory;
Heroes of unwritten story;
Nurslings of one mighty Mother;
Hopes of her, and one another;
Rise like LIONS after slumber;
Shake to earth your chains like dew,
Which in sleep have fallen on you;
Ye are many, they are few."

The nobility of France was feasting and dancing while the revolution was kindling; the American employers are sneering while the workers are organizing!

The "Industrial Worker" is devoted to the interests of the working class as being the only class of people in the world who have the right to an existence. The Industrial Union is not allied with any political party either in America or in Europe. The constitution of the Union is the rule of practice. The I. W. W. is the direct enemy of the employing class and it is to the interest of the employers to check, if it were possible, the spread of Industrial Union among workers. Being a class organization the I. W. W. has, what its members have as a class—nothing. The intention of the I. W. W. is not to fight capitalists with capital. That is impossible for the employers possess the capital and will as long as the wage system lasts. The strength of the Industrial Union is the class consciousness, the discipline and manhood and womanhood of its members. These are our "capital" and our ammunition. Many people are opposed to the I. W. W., because they have read the lying employers' papers—such as the Review, or the big dailies of the large cities. It is up to every workingman to read the "Industrial Worker" and hear his side of the every-day fight of the revolutionary union against the master. The Northwest in particular has need of such a paper—that is the working people in the Northwest need it. The "Industrial Worker" is not run to make money. It is printed by a union of workingmen. We will never beg for money. If you approve of the paper, subscribe for it. It is up to you.

Some people say that the Industrial Workers of the World is an anarchist organization, or socialist, or atheist, or non-religious. The I. W. W. is the labor union of the working class. In big words, it is the economic organization of the workers. We are not "ists" of any kind. We are wage-workers who have one labor, union for everyone who works for wages. We propose, by our own disciplined, systematic, industrial power, to force the employing class to grant concessions, and more and more concessions, till the industrial union being strong enough, we will take and hold the tools of production for and by the workers alone. The industrially organized workers will take the place of the capitalist system, with its army, its navy, its police, its prisons, its government and its lawlessness and disorder. The I. W. W. is the future form of society. It is the embryo which shall finally burst open the capitalist shell—the confinement of class rule. The Industrial Union is the only hope of the working class. The I. W. W. asks the support of every member of the working class who desires better conditions and the overthrow of tyranny and class rule. The working class can depend only on the working class. The power of the workers is their physical control of the production of wealth—of food—of everything needed and used by society. Industrial Union can control and defy the army and the navy, and force the hand of the employers' government.

"Le Temps" is the big employing class paper of Paris, France. The editor of Le Temps would like to see every union man in France guillotined, and when such a paper sees trouble ahead, it is a cinch that there is something doing. Here is a piece from a late editorial of this bosses' sheet. It refers to the late postal strike which was won by the workers of France against the government: "Nothing is now missing from this grand victory of the Union. All the various lines of government employes; all Unions who have the power to bear pressure upon the might of the State; all of them can follow the example of the postal employes in making their demands in the same threatening manner. What we see in this affair is the first skirmish of the social revolution." Grandma Durham of the Spokane Review, please copy.

Let us not forget on May Day, Labor Day, to honor the memories of all our martyred dead, whose struggle, sufferings and death have made possible even the agitation for better things for the workers. Their memory is always living in the minds and hearts of the revolutionary army! Patriots? They were more! They were champions of the working class. Parsons, Fischer, Engel, Spies, Lingg—and still later, Pettibone. Ten thousand times ten thousand glorious martyrs who are still with us! Let their example give the lie to the coward who cries "the workers will not stick together." These heroes suffered and died because the masters know only too well that the workers will stick together. Their names will be a perfume when their tormentors have rotted!

Seth Low, ex-president of Columbia University, is telling about how the Civic Federation is opposing socialism! "We are doing this at the request of labor leaders in the American Federation of Labor," he says. This Civic Federation is the "harmony between laborers and capitalists" outfit, and like the A. F. of L. is run to chloroform the workers while they are being skinned by Brother Capital. Low also refers to "our army." Yes! our army! which is for the purpose of keeping "our" brothers and fellow workers in slavery and to shoot down strikers. Gompers—Mitchell—Civic Federation! Judas Iscariot was a piker!

If you do not know what the I. W. W. is and what industrial union means, it's a cinch that your boss does! The boss uses his brains to skin you and you are a sneaker not to use your brains to keep from being skinned. The I. W. W. means more dinner and less work. Is this scientific?

May Day, Its Origin and Inspiration

By Wm. E. Trautmann.

When great epoch-making events are recorded in the annals of history, for the guidance of those who come after us, then those days when the inspiration for an universal Labor Day was born, will be commemorated, now and for ever, as times when the disconnected, but growing feeling of unrest of the millions who toiled and knew not what for, found a common centre, upon which they could concentrate their efforts; a shibboleth in which, however, was recognized the embodiment of the hopes and wishes of the downtrodden, in which an idea found its first crystallized expression, and the force for materialization thereafter.

May Day—Labor Day by decree and mandate of the workers—not a gift by grace of those who possess and rule, not to be supplicated and begged for, not to be legislated into being as a releaser of the safety-valve on the over-taxed boiler of capitalist exploitation, of pressure created by the burning sweat of the brows of the sturdy toilers; aye, a demand behind which was to be generated the power to enforce!

The Bugle Call.

Like a whirlwind swept the stirring, cheering words for action over the plains and hills, the rivers and oceans, wherever they were, toiling and moiling so that others could squander in debauch, they hailed the thought, and cheered the day when on American soil the pioneers commanded the workers of the world to rise, to cease production and to demand:

"Lie it as the start! Let May the first be the day when we, the world over, will resolve to organize our power in the workshops so that we shall work no more than eight hours in useful labor, but enjoy eight hours for leisure and recreation, and eight hours for sleep. Unite, workers! Unite with us!"

"Let it be a mighty, forceful demonstration of the workers not only in the United States, but in every nook and corner of the universe; let it be shown that all, we all, are brethren in need and comrades in want; but being thus we must demonstrate that we be comrades in combat and brothers in the enjoyment of all that we will achieve through our own efforts."

"Carry the message of the first of May as the day, selected by the workers of America, on which the first guns will be fired, in a battle for an eight-hour work day; spread its inspiring words over the lands and the waters, call upon the workers to rally in strong, mighty assemblages;—no tongue or boundary line shall henceforth separate workers from workers;—the great universal thought expressed at this convention will become the inheritance of all workers in every country upon the globe—we must dare, dare, dare!"

Words like these, inspiring to the brave and courageous, uplifting to the erstwhile meek and submissive,—were they uttered, did they resound in millionfold echoes in the halls of fame in a country pregnant with a revolution?

The I. W. W. a Workers' Union.

Forget, fellow workers, for one moment, for this day, all that is bad and corrupt, all that is ugly and repulsive, all that by its glaring detection made us so often forget that institutions are the creations of human beings,—argue not that the American Federation of Labor and like institutions as they are to-day, are woe-

fully lacking every prerequisite that would render them apt to gradual assimilation to ever-changing conditions; forget also, only for a moment, that these organizations, civic federationized as they are, have become instruments in the hands of cunning masters and their labor lieutenants for the conservation of their mutual interests; eliminate again the thought, based on facts, that these organizations are unable to unite, unfit to inspire and implant confidence and hope;—forget all these things, and cherish only the thought that it was an organization, created by workers of this country, that gave manifestation to an universal demand, and appealed to the world of labor for concurrence, for concerted action; for working class unity on the field where they are plundered and robbed by those who own and control the means of life.

We know that the Industrial Workers of the World have taken over an heritage from those who spoke words such as quoted here; and because of this heritage we must accept what was good, noble and inspiring in the old, decaying and crumbling. But we must avoid what caused the distraction of that once destined to lead the working class on upon the thorny, but straight road to economic liberty.

Playing With Fire.

Or did they play with fire? Was the idea of a first of May Labor Day only a plaything in the hands of word-jugglers and fakirs? Was it an appeal to the galleries by a few hand-wagon leaders when in 1886 at the St. Louis convention the A. F. of L. hurled the challenge to the master class?

"Twas no fire play for the class of destroyers! To clip the claws of a merciless monster, but determined to perish if its resistance would be too ferocious, should have been the resolve, as it is today in countries where the issues responsible for the inauguration of the Universal Labor Day have been made the stepping stones to more far-reaching demands.

Ha! how the monster, the capitalist class, trembled; how they saw themselves dethroned, from power, from their economic possessions. They realized the workers would not remain satisfied with palliatives, if they once had become conscious of their own power, and to show their, the masters', superior power over that of a still incoherently organized working class was a command of self-preservation;—the atrocious crime perpetrated by the master class against eight of the pioneers for the thought that gave birth to the Universal Labor Day on May first, indicated what the answer would be by those who felt that the giant of labor, once awakened, would tear down the props of the pedestal upon which the economic kings of the world thought to rule eternally in perfect safety, and determine the destinies and fate of the nation of millions held down in abject industrial slavery.

How they trembled, the Belmonts, the Carnegies, the Rockefellers of those days; the Krupps, the Stumms, the Bleichroeders; the capitalists and rulers of France; the czar and autocrats of Russia!

"Will the wretched beggars ever stop when once they start; these bums, tramps and rabble? Ha! we will give them largess of the right diet to appease their hunger, to be sure!"

Troops and soldiers, massed in the armories; every strong son of toil forced into military servitude by laws that he helped not to make; equipped with extra portions of lead and powder so to be able, at command; to administer extra portions of "blue beans" to the unruly and rebellious,—how strikingly did the thermometer register the fever heated malady of fear that had befallen the masters of the universe!

Soon again they knew there wasn't much cause for fear! They learned that as long as proletarians find pleasure in purely academic dissertations on the intensity of the firebrand of revolution they, who possess and thereby rule, could rest safe on their ill-begotten gains. How little did they fear then that the pick-and-shovel man would apply the knowledge of his age, the power derived from organizations of his class, planted firmly on the rockbed of experience and facts in economic life, to advance, to march on, and to bombard the entrenchments behind which the master is dissipating their plunders in the debaucheries always masking the downfall stage of a rotten and corrupted system.

Harvest Is Sure.

They could not kill the thought; not crush to atoms the elements making for progress, for working class solidarity and militant action.

No, the issues of the first of May are not dead! If the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church the proletarian of America has surely laid down their share of human lives on the shrine of the international working class movement. The harvest days soon may arrive; not only eight hours per day, as originally advo-

cated, will be the issues of the coming years; but the full product of labor's toil will be assured if all those who build up and construct, educate and prepare, can arouse the dominant and subdued class spirit of the creators of wealth, when they will organize them on the advanced lines of industrial unionism, and train them to use that organized might to advance and to further the cause of a higher plan of civilization.

Again it'll be the watchword as in 1886:

"Carry the message of the first of May as the day, selected by the workers of America, on which the first guns will be fired, in a battle for an eight-hour work day; spread its inspiring words over the lands and the waters, call upon the workers to rally in strong, mighty assemblages;—no tongue or boundary line shall henceforth separate workers from workers;—the great universal thought expressed at this convention will become the inheritance of all workers in every country upon the globe—we must dare, dare!"

Be This the Mission of the Industrial Workers of the World.

No other organization is able to unite the workers in the place of production and distribution, no other can bring about harmony and unity of purpose; no other can assure the workers that they can and will be the arbiters of their own destinies. Blaze away! Lead the way! The proletariat will march with you to victory! Workers of the World, unite!

NUTS FOR RAILROAD MEN TO CRACK.

Which is the biggest Seab?

The O. R. C. conductor who uses a telephone to get his orders when the telegraph operator is on strike, or the man who belongs to no union, don't believe in any, and gets big pay to take the operator's place, and help break the strike? Don't all answer at once!

Who buries the dead resulting from a railroad wreck, which has been caused by lack of men to look after the track, by washouts, slides, broken rails, lack of operators, etc. The company or the union?

Don't all answer at once!

If you are an engineer or fireman, did you ever take an engine out that had been fitted by seab machinists, or the flues caulked by a seab boilermaker? How do you like a craft contract that forces you to also be a seab?

Do you realize that the man who tamps the ties, and keeps the track in shape, is just as important to the running of a railroad, as the man who runs the engine?

Don't you think that the railroad companies are pleased to have unions all contracted against each other, that will bury the dead caused by the capitalist greed? Certainly they are.

Do you know what Industrial Union is? It's not hard to understand, and it is worth knowing. It will cure professional seabing. Easy to take. One application will work wonders, and start the brain to work.

F. W. HESLEWOOD.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

(This applies to Spokane equally well.)

Bethold!

She sits upon a pile of offal, Polluting the fresh water at her feet, While round her head the four winds that meet

Grow noisome—from her putrid breath—yea, awful!

Look!

Her marts are groaning with the golden grain

That flows to her from many a fertile plain;

Yet,—famine gnaws her vitals night and day;

And lo! her fairest must take harlot pay.

Listen!

The cry of children, swine and cattle, Communing in one vast death-rattle,

While the hordes of men she calmly sweeps

Into the compost of her value-heaps.

Hark!

To the din of shops, the whirl of wheels, See sly death stalking at each worker's heels;

And the only choice for him that fails

Is work house, poor house, mad house, jails.

Hurrah!

She well rewards her chosen few, Purple lady and slum-house shrew,

Fakir and statesman of ill report;

And, at the head of her favored list,

The wanton, hideous capitalist.

Hush!

Not Sodom, Phryne or Jezebel

Will name her name—so call her Hell.

JACK PHALEN.

LOUIE'S UNDOING A TALE OF WOE

(By E. J. Foote.)

Louie Charawas polished the cheek of his display apples with the corner of his white apron as he alternated between supplying a customer and conversing with his Mexican parrot whose cage swung from the gas-pipe frame-work of the wide canvas awning. Louie was the type of Greek that set up small confectionery and fruit stands soon after they arrive from Europe and by subtle legerdemain, produce in an incredibly short time a thriving business that gains for them the enmity of all the legitimate competitors on the street.

A year previous, Louie had come over on the advice of his fellow-countryman, Con. Chumas, who had established himself in a very neat and profitable fruit stand. Investing in a bunch of bananas and a small supply of "saur-kraut" candy from the house of Chumas and with the aid of a large box, Louie opened for business on the street corner in close proximity to a thriving news and fruit depot run by an American. It needed only the brief period of two months for the supercilious indifference of the American vendor to dissipate into grievous envy as he summed up the diminishing results of the day's business and to compute with mathematical exactness the time elapsing when the despised Greek would become legitimate and rent a shop.

Already a fancy pop-corn and peanut roaster with its toy figure assiduously turning the little cylinder to the amusement of passing children, lent tone to the growing stock of the corner.

Although Charawas was slow to master the many intricacies of the English language, he soon appropriated enough of the common talk to suffice for his business needs; supplemented by a small vocabulary of slang which he used with effect in amusing his customers. Curiously enough, he had acquired the significance of the word "graft" which he held in reserve for all attempts at extortion, fancied or real, practiced upon him.

Did the commission merchant ask a higher price for the "banan?" "Graft!" Did the purchaser attempt to beat down his price? "Graft!" Were his weights or measures questioned? "Always he protested, "no graft, Louie no graft!"

In fact, so exemplary in these civic virtues and so diligent was he in driving an honest bargain that when the city license collector came to request of him a fee for using the public thoroughfare as a place of business he grew righteously indignant and heaped imprecations on the offending official in a tongue of which the only thing American was the word "graft."

"If you don't wish to pay a license, rent a building or I shall arrest you," the officer told him. Louie repaired breathlessly to his friend, Con Chumas, to tell him of this latest outrage and get his advice. As a thoroughly sophisticated man of affairs, Con Chumas took his fellow-countryman in hand with the result that we find him established in a rented shop across the way from his envious American competitor, engaged as has been remarked, in the peaceful pursuit of his business.

Nothing succeeds like success in business, because the responsibility entailed calls into exercise all those potential qualities in human nature for the development of industry; the initiative of one makes possible opportunity for many.

As a small vendor on the street corner, Charawas had lost much of the distinction accorded an established merchant; the distinction of being a thread in the social web woven by the spiders of trade to insure stability, to prevent ruinous competition and promote that social concord necessary to all enterprise requiring public confidence.

A Cockroach at Last!

In his new capacity Charawas received much attention from fellow tradesmen; this was good. He could buy cheaper and was accorded credit; this was excellent. There was no graft in that. Many customers made him happy and the growing placidity of his temper produced a veneer on his swarthy face as shiny as the cheek of his ruddy apples.

Alas! the grafters appeared; a Salvation Army lass offered a War-cry for sale. To this Louie turned a deaf ear. He would have no "War-cry" but he would sell her a nice "banan," nice apple and orange; fine fruit. She persisted and he grew preoccupied in contemplating the parrot: "Polly want a cracker?" Polly want a cracker, the bird repeated. "Nice Polly;" nice Polly, said the parrot. The Salvation lass left only to return the following day and repeatedly without success.

Ladies with subscription lists appeared requesting contributions for church benefits; policemen offered tickets to the patrolmen's ball for fifty cents each; he was asked to donate ten dollars to the "Civic Reform League;" and a like amount to the political party in power which felt compelled to defend its policies against the scurrilous attacks of the afore-men

tioned league and lastly; he was proffered the honor of becoming a member of the Commercial Club for twenty-five dollars.

Vainly did Con Chumas beseech him to satisfy a portion of these demands, explaining that it was a part of business, a tribute demanded for the privilege of doing business. "See, I pay, I make money. They help me get more customers." But it was of no use, the only answer the dull brain of Charawas could conjure was "graft." The old spirit of strife rancored his placed face into a fierce scowl; even the parrot was accused of graft as it reiterated its demand for a cracker.

Through an accumulation of circumstances unforeseen by Louie he was made the storm center of conflicting interests clamoring for vengeance. His fruit stand was boycotted by the ladies of the church, and the political parties. The policeman who had previously been content to eat from his display stand the scrawny and unripe fruit now developed an appetite epicurean as well as gluttonous, helping himself freely to the finest of the stock and rebuffing Louie's protest with a threat to "run him in;" nor was this all; the Salvation Army had taken its nightly stand in front of his store, bringing its accustomed crowd of loungers for an audience who blockaded his sidewalk and purloined his fruit.

Having been cast adrift by his friend, Con Chumas, and all other channels of redress shut off, Louie entered into communion with his own ingenuity. No longer did he attempt to adjust himself to the situation but determined to drive them off by a plan evolved out of his dark, sullen mind; his racial instinct called loud for revenge.

Hours were spent in teaching the parrot; in passing one could see him in the back of his shop instructing polly. He toiled as diligently as the preceptor of a grammar school. One evening polly reappeared swinging in his cage hung from the gas-pipe frame-work of the awning and Louie, with a look of satisfied preparedness, busied himself replacing his display stock with rotten fruit from the garbage box in the rear of the store; as he completed his task the boom of the drum and the blare of the cornet announced the coming of the Salvation Army and as they drew up with mock military precision Louie stepped close to the parrot and said in a stage whisper, "listen." When the hacking air "Oh you must be a lover of the Lord" had been shouted by the singers, thumped off the drum, blared out of the cornet and jingled off the tambourine, polly announced in stentorian voice "Let us pray!" This brought forth a loud guffaw from the crowd of loungers; taking up the cue the captain, cap in hand, stepped into the circle and led in prayer.

"The Law."

Perhaps polly had not counted on such ready acquiescence for he stopped to murmur his lines, apparently non-plussed until the captain in his prayer invoked the ire of all righteous people against the Greek; no doubt polly objected to this, for he interrupted with "Oh! hell! Let us sing," nor did he wait for the captain to finish his prayer, but launched forth on a few bars of salvation melody, ending in cat-calls, screeches and blasphemy. To offset this the salvationists brought into action all the music at their command, but high above the boom of the drum and the bellowing voice of the leader could be heard polly's imprecations and requests that they "go to hell."

The captain became so incensed that he shied a tambourine at the parrot, which act was considered as the opening of hostilities on the part of the enemy, and Louie returned with a fusillade of rotten pears. At this point the crowd became interested and entered into the skirmish with a spirit of impartiality that succeeded in not only routing the Army but drove Louie back into his store with the last half box of mouldy oranges. When the battle ceased, polly again announced in a commanding voice, "Let us pray," but at this point the police swept down upon the hoodlums and clubbed them off, placing Louie and his parrot under arrest on the charge of disturbing a religious meeting.

At the trial the judge announced that his reasons for imposing a fine on Charawas were not based on the evidence submitted by a score of witnesses but upon polly's many requests for a prayer and his reiterated demands that the court go to hell.

Following the trial, Louie's landlord presented a bill for damages to his property and a notice to vacate the place in three days.

It was the afternoon of a hot July day; two miles of steel was yet to be laid

EN FORENING FOR ALLE

(BY M. AMUNDEEN)

Du arbeidsmand i ringe kaar
Du træler har fra aar til aar,
Og alt du fik er liden glede,
Daarlig føde og usel klæde

Hvad er grunden til, at du, som udfører alt arbeide, lever i saa fattige kaar, hvorfor bygger du saa fine huse og palæer for de rige til at bo i, og daarlige og usunde bytter for dig selv.

De mas siger med sandhed at du arbeidsmand er ganske omstændige og eterstensom for de rige.

Du laver de fineste klæder for dem, og

selv er du tilfreds, om du kan fåa klæderne

efter de har slit dem ud, til at skjule din

nøgenhed med. Den bedste føde som findes i landet du tilbereder for den som

aldrig har gjort en dags arbeide i sit liv, og

selv er du paa dine knæ saa at sige og

tigger for de krummer som falder fra deres

bord. O, du arbeidsmand, for din egen

skyld faa dine øine op og dine tanker sat

i virksomhed, forstaar du ikke, at saa lenge

som du er villig til at arbeide under disse omstændigheder, saa lenge er de ar

bejdsgivende herrer mere end villig til at

holde dig i trældom, og du fortjener ikke

noge; bedre saa lenge som du ikke har man-

dom nok til at stas op og forlange hvad

som med ret tilhører dig. Du maa ikke

tenke for et øjeblik at disse døve knæte-

hvem du kalder Herrer, Fabrikører og

Mestere, til hvem du løfter paa din hat, og

saa at sige tilbeder, har dit velser paa de-

res hjerter. O, nei, iægt derifra, alt hvad

de elsker, dig for, er din arbeidskraft, for-

søg at faa dette klart. De lever i lysighed

og glæde af dit arbeide og du lever i fat-

tigdom og nød, altan kapitalisterne, dem

som du auser for saa meget, er kun tyve

og røvere og er en byrde paa arbeidsfolkets

Dersom dette er klart for dig, da vil du og

saa forstaa at det er nødvendigt for os ar-

bejdere at komme sammen i os, forbud

og forløg at forbedre vor stilling.

Vel er det tilfelds at vi har forskjellige

fagforeninger, men det har ogsaa vist sig

at disse forskjellige foreninger ikke kan

bringe det nødvendige resultat fordi det er

foreninger der ikke forener, eller med and-

re ord, hvert tag staar for sig selv, mure-

ne bryder sig ikke om snekkerne taber eller

vinder en strikke, og snekkerne er det sam-

me overfor murerne, mulerne arbeider en-

ten blikkenlagor er paa strikke eller ei

og gode, fagforeningsfolk paa jernbanerne

transporterer alle strikkabrekker som behø-

vet.

Den tid er forbi at vi kan vente at vindre

nogen fremgang paa denne maade, vi maa

forenes i en sterk forbindelse med andre

ord forenes med de Industrial Workers of

the World vilket menes, ikke noget senkraft

men altsom arbeider, det er det samme

hvaar arbeide du udfører saa lenge som

det er nytigt til samfundet.

Tag for exempel at jernbanefolkene var

forenede, med det Motto af I. W. W. en

skade til en, en skade til alle, da vilde

de: være en let sag for jernbane anleggerne

at forlange større betaling, videnie at alle

jernbanefolkene fra engenør ned til lampø

pudsere er villige til at stoppe arbeide vist

nødvendigt, og om det skulde visse sig at

det ikke var nok at stoppe en bare stop-

alle baner i landet, og da vilde det ikke ta-

ge herrerne lenge til at punge op, da de

forstaa at vi paa samme maade kan stop-

pe alle andre industrier.

Om kapitalisten skulde være saa venlig

at bruge sine soldater hvem skulde da trans-

portere dem, og om de enda var gode nok

tilbemsaa faa der suite for det er ogsaa en

som gjør og haandterer deres medarbejdere. For

industrial forening tag Frankrig for exem-

pel og se hvad den kan udføre.

Vort kort er godt; alle industrial forenir-

ger i verden.

Arbeidsmand naer du kommer til en frem-

med by find ud om der er nogen I. W. W.

Hall der, og viet der er, gaa did'og find ud

hvad det er, og se om det ikke er pladsen

hvor du skulde vere.

Arbeidsmand stas op med magt

Kast af byrden som du bærer

Via Rigmandstænderne din forst

Digvel du derved er.

H. C. Dutton is making it disagreeable for the bosses at Lorrill, Idaho. He says that the "Peerless Employment Office" of Spokane is sending men there to be sickened with rotten grub. There are a number of I. W. W. men there who are shaking up the dry bones.

THE PREAMBLE OF THE I. W. W.

THE PREAMBLE OF THE I. W. W.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Knowing, therefore, that such an organization is absolutely necessary for our emancipation we unite under the following constitution:

WHY THIS UNREST? WHAT MEANS IT?

(By D. Burgess.)

means of protection, which causes the masters to grow ever more nervous. To every intelligent working man this growing nervousness is a sure indication of the approach of the day in which the working class must assume the duty of administering the affairs of this world.

This nervousness of the masters is a sure indication that those masters realize that they are incompetent to longer administer, that they are wholly incompetent to direct the industrial forces of society.

This realization causes the masters to cry with increasing frequency "Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, Navy," and as these cries echo around the earth they come back to the masters as mocking cries of despair. This alarms the masters still more, and they, as a consequence, repeat these cries in dismay. The world has become a Punch and Judy show to all but the masters. It is the mission of the working class to prepare itself to do that which the masters confess that they are incompetent to do. It is time for us to organize into working battalions so as to take over the industries of the world when the collapse shall come.

Here in the West we are having to deal with the most advanced stage of capitalism. The ground is new; nothing stands in the way of the career of capitalism. There are no precedents, no traditions, no customs—nothing in the way of the progress of capitalism, and here we have the very worst of the fruits of capitalism. The conditions under which men and women toil are not worse anywhere on this earth. This teaches us that we have nothing to hope for from the masters. They can do nothing for us; if we would have desirable conditions, we must take upon ourselves the administration of all industries. This is the lesson that capitalism is teaching. It is teaching this lesson with tremendous emphasis just now.

Will our class accept the duties and responsibilities that are indicated in this lesson?

There are significant signs that they will do so.

The I. W. W. are pointing the way to many working men who have been in despair.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A. C. Cole of No. 131, Seattle, says that the Industrial Worker is "good for the system."

E. J. Foote is organizing in Portland, and reports encouraging prospects from that scissor-bill town.

F. H. Alexander of Omaha, Neb., sends in a bunch of subs. and some interesting items for the next issue.

Frank Longquist of the Scandinavian Language Branch of No. 85, has ordered a bundle of 100. This helps some!

G. C. Coppins of No. 436, Lowell, Mass., of the National Industrial Union of Textile Workers, sent in seven subs. This is encouraging!

IL PRIMO DI MAGGIO

(By C. L. Filigno.)

Il primo di Maggio per i lavoratori è la più sacra giornata perché per loro sono passate le miserie dell'inverno; e per loro non esiste più il freddo, e bisogno, che hanno passato nel lungo inverno, ma la natura ha già prodotto nuovi fiori l'estate è nella sua infanzia, e le campagne sono adornate di un verde mantello, dando nuove speranze ai cuori liberi e sinceri, e nuova fiducia a gl'amanti della libertà.

Queste sono le ragioni perché ogni lavoratore dovrebbe celebrare il primo di Maggio, come la sola giornata dedicata per i lavoratori, ed è a nostro interesse a celebrarla. Guardiamo un passo indietro e vediamo se noi ci abbiamo migliorato le nostre condizioni, o puramente ci troviamo ancora peggio, di come ci trovavamo un anno indietro. Io sono sicuro che la maggioranza di noi siamo pronti ad ammettere che le nostre condizioni sono diventate più peggiori, e vanno sempre di male in peggio. Allora se questo è vero, noi siamo anche pronti ad ammettere che qualche cosa non è per noi come dovrebbe essere e la colpa non è di nessun altro ma di noi stessi.

Tutto questo male che a noi accade giornalmente si potrebbe fermare immediatamente, se noi ci uniremo sotto la bandiera che gli Industrial Workers of the World ci stanno sventolando avanti, dicendoci che se noi ci vogliamo emancipare dalla schiavitù del lavoratore salariato, ci dobbiamo unire tutti nel campo economico, in una organizzazione, che è composta di lavoratori e non altri. Fintanto che noi non faremo questo, per noi non c'è nessuna speranza di liberarci dalle catene dei borghezi, che giornalmente ci stanno incatenando. Se voi credate ai nostri metodi, ed avete volontà di ribellarvi con noi contro questa classe che non producono niente ed hanno tutti i lussi di vita, e noi che produciamo tutto non abbiamo niente, e stiamo sempre in miseria, ed hanno anche nelle loro mani, la nostra sorta, facendoci morir di fame ogni volta che a loro piace.

Se voi siete convinti che qualche cosa è necessaria da farsi allora uniamoci tutti in un solo unione, conquistiamo la forza economica, e voi vedrete che nessuna domanda ci sarà negata, fintanto che noi ci impossesseremo di tutto quello che a noi hanno legalmente rubato.

Questo unione del I. W. W. non ha nessun pregiudizio contro le razze, le nazionalità, ed i colori dei lavoratori, perché noi come lavoranti sappiamo che non sono i lavoranti delle differente nazione e colori i nostri nemici, ma che loro sono schiavi simili a noi, e gli si aspetta tutte le considerazione che aspetta a noi.

La classe lavoratrice è quella che produce tutte le necessità della vita, essa è quella che fabbrica i palazzi, essa è quella che costruisce le ferrovie, ed essa è infatto la classe, che fa tutto; Ma se fa i palazzi e non ci abita, se essa costruisce le ferrovie, e poi deve camminare a piedi, e se essa è infatto quella classe che fa tutto e non possiede niente; allora spezziamo le nostre catene, ed impossessiamoci di tutto quello che ci hanno legalmente rubato, quando noi non eravamo organizzati.

Lavoratori, è necessario a sapere che se noi vogliamo migliorare le nostre condizioni, non dobbiamo avere, o ponere, nessuna speranza a gli altri, per far questo per noi, ma che la sola speranza è in noi stessi, perché nessuno si importa delle nostre miserie, e che gli interessi di quelle persone che non sono lavoratori, sono opposti ai nostri interessi. È appunto questo il motivo perché la classe lavoratrice si trova in queste triste condizioni, perché noi abbiamo posto troppo fiducia in persone, che è contro ai loro interessi, di dare a noi quello che noi vogliamo. Così noi del I. W. W. facciamo questo appello diretto ai nostri compagni lavoratori, e vi informiamo dove si trova la sola strada della salvezza, ed essa è di essere tutti organizzati in un solo unione.

NOTIZIE IN RIGUARDO AL SCIOPERO GENERALE DI PARIGI.

Quando i lavoratori di Parigi videro le tirannie, e parzialità, di favoritismo usato da M. Simyan, sotto segretario dello stato, nel departamento delle poste, e telegrafi, troppo insopportabile, fecero la domanda allo stato, di mandare via M. Simyan, e di metterci una persona, che non usasse favoritismo. Il governo rispondendoli positivamente no, non gli rimase altro di fare, che di fozare al governo a dargli la loro domanda, facendo lo sciopero. I nostri giornali capitalisti ci celarono gli occhi, dicendoci che gli scioperanti non avevano nessuna ragione di fare sciopero e che loro non

volevano altro, che causare disturbo al governo, finalmente dissero che i scioperanti insultavano le donne, che erano impiegate nelle poste, e telegrafi. Non soddisfatto di questo ci dissero ancora, che le azioni dei lavoratori erano quasi rivoluzionarie.

LABOR DAY IN AMERICA

(By Fred W. Heslewood.)

May Day—The day when thousands of men, women and children of other countries will be celebrating the progress (however little it may seem) which has been made in the past for Labor.

A Labor Day set by workers, and not by masters. A Labor Day celebrated by workers, and hated by capitalists. A day which has not been presented to Labor by the loving master, but one forced from the boss by the workers; but only in places, and countries, where toilers know and realize the difference between Labor and Capital.

The free-born, independent, American toiler, whose starry banner is inscribed with such beautiful words as Independence, Liberty and Freedom, needs no day of his own to celebrate, and hear his own speakers, from his own class. The masters have set a day apart for them by special act of legislation, and generally furnish the speaker of the day, in the person of a Bible-pounder, or some psalm-singing, peace-loving, Corporation attorney, who orates on the duty incumbent on both Labor and Capital; and how we should all work harmoniously together to create peace.

No! The American worker will not celebrate May 1st as his Labor Day. The day presented to us in September by our boss, is more appropriate anyway, as it shows how grateful the boss is for all the favors we have handed out to him; such as craft unions all pitted against each other; sacred contracts where two never expire at the same time; interstate agreements which force the coal miners in one state to fight the miners in their own organization in another state; one hundred and twenty-six different initiation fees ranging from \$5.00 to \$500.00, to keep the workers enslaved by Capitalist Labor Fakirs, and a bunch of lying scoundrels called Labor Leaders, that have succeeded in faking the deal for the past 25 years in America, by preaching to the workers the most glaring of all lies, "That the worker has interests in common with his master," and in summing up the enemies of the workers, we should not overlook the weak, vacillating, would-be labor press, that is on its knees to this Harmony-of-Interest set, calling them Union men, and asking them to vote as they strike on election day.

The Judges of Labor.

We ought to have a Labor month. One day is not sufficient to tell of the treachery of Labor Leaders, and the cowardice, and ignorance of the workers. Though all the speakers of America would take the platform, it would take a month to tell of the crimes that have been committed against Labor, by false leaders in America.

It would require very little time to tell of the great desires the American worker has for Liberty and Freedom, and as for Independence, he don't yet know what the word means. The word is too long for the American workers. Take off the first two letters and you have him. He is it. He is the most dependent creature that ever lived. No one knows this better than an organizer of the I. W. W., as it is a daily occurrence to have men say that they would lose their job if they joined the I. W. W. Independence! It's a joke in America. It means "love your master." Do as you are told. Vote with the boss on election day. Don't organize right. Work long hours for small pay. Do no thinking. Be contented with your lot, no matter how small a portion your lot may be. Contract your labor for five years, regardless of the price of pork and beans the next morning. Go to church on Sunday, and sit close to the boss as you can, and be sure that he hears you sing with a loud voice, "Praise God from whom all blessing flow." Damn the fellow on the bread line as a worthless lout—a hobo—a vag. Favor convict camps where the vag will be made to work for their bread, making nice roads for the automobile, join the state militia, so that you may be in readiness to kill the slaves if they rebel against the tyranny of their masters. Do all this and you will be classed as an Independent American Sovereign.

Liberty! The most sacred of all words. That which Patrick Henry would give his life for; which John Brown, Parsons, Spies, Engel, Pettibone, and others have been legally murdered for attempting to attain. What scores of others have suffered, and lingered long years in prison for wanting, and for which many are today in the dungeons of America; for demanding such a priceless gem.

"Liberty! Fight With Thy Defenders!"

Liberty, you are lost! All that is left to denote that you ever lived, in America, is a hollow statue in New York harbor, and a cracked bell in Philadelphia. Almost under the glare of your lifeless form in New York harbor, the most intense suffering is going on. People are being sold by auction in churches; 95 per cent of the people own no homes. Children are ragged and naked. Men sleep by the hundreds over the warm gratings on the



THE JUNGLES FOR WORKERS.



BANQUET ROOM FOR LOAFERS.

street. The bread lines are getting longer and longer. Divorce suits and suicides are getting more numerous. Bread is getting dearer. Wages are getting smaller. The poor are increasing in numbers, and getting poorer. The rich are decreasing in numbers, and getting richer. Power and wealth control the churches, the Industries, and the Government. The poor control nothing but ignorance and misery; subserviency and cowardice, has grown from the seed of tyranny. The environment is hell, and we have made no strenuous effort to change it. The parasites are eating the life from us, and converting it into riches. There is no equality before the law. The rich may murder and will be given a year to effect a cure for insanity. They are always insane when they commit crime, but the poor that takes life is adjudged a moral degenerate, and choked to death by legal methods (a rope), to satisfy the murderous desires of civilized church members, who love to see human blood flow. The throttle valve of Liberty is wide open for the few who live in idleness off the toil of the workers, but for the great army of propertyless and jobless workers, truly Liberty is lost.

Freedom.—We have loads of this stuff, but the brand is bad. If it was not so tragic, we might laugh at the word as another great joke. Freedom in America means that the army of workers are free to starve, if they cannot find a job. Labor is free, yes, more free than cat-skins or cow hides. There is no tariff on Labor. Labor is on the free list. It can come and go as it pleases, if it don't mind walking, and we are pleased to learn that the walking is not all taken up.

We are welcome in Canada, and the Canadian is welcome here if he is a good cheap worker. He will not be held up at the line for duty. While the cat-skins are being counted and valued for duty, the "Canuck" with his breast loaded with British Patriotism, is free to come and seek a master. If he cannot find one, he will be free to get arrested for being a vagrant, and he will work free on the wagon road breaking rock. In winter time when the Convict camps are not working he is free to stand in the bread line and wait for some Salvation Army girl to come around with the dough-nuts, and can always have for dessert, the beautiful hymn, "Jesus saves, Jesus saves."

Freedom galore: To go naked while Southern capitalists burn up thousands of bales of cotton, so that a demand may be created, and thus raise the price to the workers. Free to starve, while tons of turkeys, geese, ducks, potatoes, eggs, and other food-stuffs are being burned in the

crematories, as was done in Vancouver, B.C.

Free to die through sickness, or the necessity of an operation, because of lack of gold, while special trains are being run across the continent with sick dogs, so that they may get the best medical attendance that money can buy. Yes, free to do anything that is of interest to the master, and free to do nothing that he imposes.

Will the forces of Labor ever unite? How soon shall we celebrate our victory? When will the workers of America march under their own flag, to their own music, and for their own cause? How long are we to be kept divided against each other by separate unions? Separate initiation fees? Separate contracts? and separated ideas? Let us hope that it may be not much longer. Let us take a lesson from the noble fight that has been waged in France against the French government, by the Postal and Telegraph workers; or are we yet too narrow between the eyes to learn from others, in other countries?

We must unite before we can win, and we must win, or be driven farther into the mire of wage-slavery. Concentrated wealth, the elimination of competition among Capitalists, the strict economy as practised by the Industrial magnates, the greater use of automatic machinery, all spells Industrial Union, and Industrial Freedom, or Industrial Despotism and Industrial Slavery.

Let us pitch into the fray with renewed vigor and see if you cannot have the hosts of labor united by May 1st, 1910, and marching on to the tune of the Banner of Labor. Don't wait for the other fellow to do it all, everyone do a little and the results will be surprising.

HOCH DER WORKER!

Hoch der worker!
We works hard,
We lives light,
It's a freight.
Hoch der worker!

We built der palace,
We built der house,
"Nichts komm. heraus,"
Hoch der worker!

We made her Courthouse,
We made der Jail,
De Judge he fills dem with—
Hoch der worker!

—By Hans Hundspiller, per A. C. Cole.

Subscribe for the I. W. W., One
Dollar a Year.

GROWTH OF THE I. W. W. IN SPOKANE

(By J. H. [Walsh].)

The growth of the Industrial Workers of the World in Spokane during the past six months has been phenomenal, as compared with many other places, and yet it has been solid, as is evidenced by the continuous flow of dues paying members.

About a year ago the organization was few in numbers, as there was only about seven or eleven members, but what they lacked in numbers they made up in philosophy. At that time the headquarters was near the Northern Pacific depot in a large hall about 7x11. The appearance of an organizer who was not so long on philosophy at that time as the "clear" members, was not hailed with delight. However, work was started to get something moving, and in a few weeks the organization had secured a new headquarters, costing \$30 per month.

Constant and constructive work was then carried on for the remainder of the year. It was in November, after the last convention, that the writer arrived, and since that time six months have elapsed, during which time the organization has grown from a few hundred to several hundred, and the \$30 headquarters has been given up and a new and larger place secured.

The Large Headquarters.

The I. W. W. is now located in an excellent place for its revolutionary propaganda work, and is paying \$125.00 per month rent. There is a large library and reading room where no smoking or talking is allowed, and where an excellent selection of books can be found, and to which additions are being made weekly. There is a double office or the several financial secretaries, and for the secretary-treasurer of the executive committee. There is a large assembly hall that seats hundreds of people, in which the unions meet, and also in which are held propaganda meetings each Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. In an appropriate part of this large hall is a cigar and news stand run by the union. Just outside of the hall is a metal house in which a fine new Edison moving picture machine is operated. The light is thrown through a swinging transom, and by this means saves the exorbitant insurance increase which is now exacted by the insurance companies wherever a moving picture machine is installed.

Our Own Moving Pictures.

On each Thursday, Saturday and Sunday night, at the propaganda meetings, besides having the usual dry economic lectures, moving pictures and illustrated songs are on the program the same as at the theaters. So far it has proven a success and the small charge of admission of five cents per night assists in replenishing the treasury without working a hardship on any individual.

The announcement is always made that if they do not get five cents worth to go to the secretary and get their money back, and the same also, with the literature. It is seldom that a person comes to the meetings and buys a book or pamphlet who, after reading it, returns it and asks for his money back. And no one has yet been found who wanted his five cents back after seeing the pictures and hearing the lecture. The five-cent charge has also served in keeping out an element of "barrel stiffs," who, half-soaked with booze, often saunter into meetings when the admission is free, and who are as worthless to the working class movement as the politicians.

On the Theater Circuit.

The I. W. W. at present receives its moving pictures and illustrated song slides from the same exchange that supplies the first-class theaters; and as a result we are up against the problem of getting very much matter of a revolutionary nature. Of course, in the future when more of these places are established over the country, the manufacture of revolutionary pictures will be the order of the day, and then, and not until then, will we have the selections that we so much desire.

At the present time comic and entertaining subjects are selected to the best advantage possible while the illustrated songs are of a sentimental nature, except the Red Flag, which has been arranged in this city.

The Editorial Room.

During the past six months the fight has been so serious with the city authorities as to holding street meetings, etc., that it became evident that the publication of a weekly paper was imperative. So on March 18, the first issue of a paper under the name of "Industrial Worker" appeared. It was a success, except financially, and of course no one expected the first issue to be a success from that point of view. However, the third issue of the paper overcame this deficiency, and is now practically paying its own way.

The large editorial room and mailing department is one of the subdivisions of

our large headquarters. This issue promises to be one of the finest labor papers ever published in America for a May Day edition, and the receipts already guaranteed will practically cover the expense of getting the same out. This is certainly gratifying in so short a time, and the size of the paper will be double that of the former issues.

Law Firm by the Year.

The organization has been making such a fight on the robbing employment sharks, that it has become necessary to hire a law firm by the year. As a result, the membership have the advantage of legal advice and assistance at a very small cost. Scarcely a day passes that from one to a dozen cases are not handed into the office and sent to our lawyers.

One member, recently injured on the railroad, received \$300 without a suit, while hundreds of them have been able to collect money that otherwise would have been lost, because of the individuals not having sufficient money to hire a law firm themselves. This may not seem revolutionary to some, but it certainly does to the boss. In many instances where the boss discovers that he must "come through" or fight a law firm employed by the year by an organization, he weekly submits.

Our Hospital Protection.

The first of the year the unions adopted the hospital protection, making a charge of 50 cents per month, and guaranteeing a protection of \$10 per week, not to exceed ten weeks in a year, and of course the member to take care of himself the first week of any sickness. The hospital protection was not made compulsory, but is handled by the unions, through the executive committee of the several unions and branches. Some \$600 is now in the bank in the hospital fund, besides several hundred dollars that have been paid out during the past four months for sickness.

In this country the logging camps, railroad camps and mills hiring men, charge them a hospital protection of a dollar a month, even though they may only work a week in the place where they have paid the hospital protection for a month. If fired or laid off they must go to another camp or a job and at the same time pay another hospital protection. In many instances men have paid as high as \$5 and \$8 per month for hospital protection, and then had no protection whatever.

The law firm has come in handy in this matter. When the I. W. W. men finish their jobs they refuse to pay the hospital fee to the company, and in every instance that the company has insisted on taking the same from their wages, the return of the money has been made through our lawyers.

Membership and Finances.

The membership has continually grown during the past six months and continues growing larger and larger every day. There are now something like 1,200 or 1,500 members here in good standing, with about 3,000 or 3,500 on the books of the several unions and branches. Something over 200 due stamps are used per week, or between 800 and 900 per month, and this is a slack time just now, as hundreds of the members are out working.

The receipts for initiations and dues run, approximately, from \$15 to \$70 per day. The receipts from the paper are from \$12 to \$30 per day. The expense of hiring help such as janitor, secretary, editor, organizer, piano player, singer and literature agent to attend to the library and look after the cigar stand is about \$80 per week. These figures are given because we all know too well that details on the finances are interesting to the general membership. I can only give them in round numbers as the secretaries who have charge of the books are not all present. On a call for finances from headquarters a short time ago it just took 20 hours to raise \$500, and besides this hundreds of dollars flow from here to Chicago as will be seen by the quarterly reports issued from headquarters.

Constructive Ability Does It.

Many will be interested in knowing how, or what is it, that causes the I. W. W. to grow and continue to grow in Spokane. Briefly speaking, it is constructive efficiency. The membership is composed of none but strictly wage workers, and any member who gets out of that class is given a withdrawal card. They have all passed the stage of political fanaticism or anything of that kind, and while there are probably some who would rather split hairs over trifling matters, as a general rule, the membership is practical, constructive and revolutionary.

Something like 150 lectures have been delivered in the past six months. This, connected with the literature that is circulated, the free reading room and library, has educated the membership to understand the functions of an industrial organization, at this stage of development, and with the ability of stick, connected with the ability of construction, and the absence of fanatical disruptive efforts, the Industrial Workers of the World continues to grow in Spokane.

NOTICE.

L. U. 223 I. W. W., of Spokane, now meets Tuesday, 8 p. m., rear 412-420 Front avenue.

THE REBEL AND HIS DAY

(By Vincent St. John.)

Wherever the earth holds a rebel worker the first of May means much.

On this day, in every nation and land the radicals in the ranks of the workers gather to commemorate the struggles, victories and defeats of their class in the struggle for economic freedom.

On this day the rebel meets with his comrade and fellow worker in anticipation of the time to come when the workers will be masters of their own destiny.

To the membership of the Industrial Workers of the World, this day is sacred to the cause of labor.

Its observance calls for more than lip service.

It is a call to action!

In every land the workers' condition grows steadily worse, the cares of life grow heavier and the problem of getting a living becomes more difficult day by day.

The age of the horseless carriage is also the age of the jobless, foodless worker.

The master class, surfeited with power and plunder, grows more exacting and arrogant day by day.

From the unorganized, powerless, homeless and hungry workers the master class collects their toll.

To organize this army of the working class, is the task that confronts the members of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Not only to organize it but to drill and educate it, that it may use the power that lies dormant within its mighty ranks.

The American Federation of Labor is but a mockery and a sham.

Its high priests fawn and cringe in sycophantic servility at the feet of those who spurn and victimize its membership.

Its membership, disheartened and divided, are fast losing faith in their class and themselves.

Independent organizations are and must remain powerless to oppose the force of a world wide capitalist system.

The Industrial Workers of the World is the only organization in this country with working class principle that offers a plan of organization by which unity of purpose and power for action can be obtained.

To unite the workers in fact as well as in name; to educate them in their class interests; to awaken again the spirit of revolt; to revive the courage and determination that in past battles has served to illuminate the dark pages of economic oppression.

To fight day by day the battle with the employing class, and to prepare our class to achieve its historic mission.

This is the task that the First of May bids the membership of the Industrial Workers of the World take up with renewed energy and determination.

This is the task that must be accomplished or our struggles must ever be in vain.

This is the work that is being done by the workers in the Industrial Workers of the World.

Away with outworn and useless organizations!

To the scrap pile with those who fawn at the feet of the employing class.

Turn to your class, fellow workers; put your faith in yourselves as a class.

Organize to advance the interest of your class.

Then will the International Day of Labor be devoted to the celebration of victory gained.

On with the battle! Agitate! Organize! Educate! The world is ours to gain.

"Workers of the World, unite! You have a world to gain!"

THE FOE.

Research has convinced some of the workers that labor creates all wealth; thus verifying the statement "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common," and completely exploding the obsolete idea of capital and labor being brothers. Conviction in this case furnishes the possessor an eminent on the platform of human suffering above the fog and ignorance encompassing the majority of workers, and enables him to see into the camps of the enemy, assisting him to familiarize himself with the forces that have to be overcome to allow the producers of wealth to get full control of the machine, which will ensure free access to the products of the earth. The mere fact that he finds opposing forces to that desirable end imbues him with the determination to devote his whole time to the "labor cause" and is branded by his opponents a labor agitator.

Ignorance is the result of the efforts of false teachings promulgated by the agents of the exploiting class of which the Church is chief, hotly chased by the old order of craft unions for the distinguished honor. The preacher and the labor fakir will persist in annoying us with their presence until we are industrially organized.

B. HOLMES.

INDUSTRIAL UNION AND INDEPENDENCE

(By James McLeod.)

No intelligent man will deny the economic dependence of the working class under the present regime. It matters not whether he receives one dollar per day or a thousand, or whether he has one master, or a choice of masters; the fact still remains that he is more or less dependent on some one for a livelihood.

A great many workingmen, and women too for that matter, do not realize the significance of these indisputable facts. We hear on every hand about the free born American citizen, who is free to come and go where he likes, but not any one can refute the statement that a man without the necessary means of living, is on a par with the slave; the only difference being, if you can call it a difference, that if the wage-worker does not sell his labor power, he must starve, while the slave was assured of a living.

The ever-increasing organization of monopoly, makes it imperative that the working class should arise and throw off the bondage of dependence. Citizens, who have been "frozen out" of business by trust and monopoly are daily pouring into the ranks of the exploited, and are forced to depend on the enemy who have driven them out for a living. With these ranks swelling every day, they furnish more evidence of the proletariat.

The struggles among the rank and file of craft unions have taught the world where the line is drawn, and drawn very sharply. It is a struggle which is identical with suffering and death, and good men and true have yielded up their wealth, position and lives in trying to wrest from the master-class a little more of what was their rightful share of production. But their methods did not take into consideration the ultimate goal of the workers, that of being able to take over and hold the means of production, on which is based their independence. They were content to sign agreements with their masters for "a fair day's work for a fair day's pay," and distributed themselves under different branches of trades and crafts and were unable to help their fellow-workers in time of trouble. All this has been clearly demonstrated by the many strikes which have taken place since the birth of trade unionism. Their methods were not of a revolutionary order, and the fact that they were divided into small brotherhoods, caused their inability to take and enjoy the means within their reach.

The futility of mobbing the all-powerful master-class, in the disguise of a government, was demonstrated to us by the attempt of the French Commune and in many other instances in history.

These were due to disorganization, and when the military were turned on them defeat was both evident and certain. These facts go to prove that we (the workers) are economically dependent and that in order to have our independence, some other scientific methods must be adopted.

The Final Goal.

The ultimate goal of Industrial Unionism is the ownership of public utilities by the people. The strong organizations of organized capital, makes it evident that the masses will not obtain that goal without a struggle. In order to combat this organization of the master-class, we must organize industrially. The Industrial Workers of the World are organized on a plan, that not only overthrows the tyranny of capitalism, but it revolutionizes the present and past system of trade and craft unionism. It stands for the taking and holding by the producers, the means of production. Its motto, "Labor is entitled to all it produces," and "An injury to one is an injury to all," is synonymous with the Socialist ethics of past and present. When the dependent proletarians can organize under that watchword, we are assured that the future holds something for them in the shape of independence and we begin to see that the outlook is not dark as it would seem. No union organization that was ever launched ever provided for a collective organization of the working class in all departments of industry, and the marshaling of all of them together if need be for the final conflict. The very fact of the opposition of the master-class makes it clear that if its principles are carried out, the workers will gain their freedom. The ministers of religion, the capitalist press, and the various agents of our oppressors, are all ready to denounce and misconstrue our principles and fill the mind of the uneducated with plausible stories of reform. All these things go to prove that we are on the road to freedom, and by education of the masses, by agitation and example, we can soon have the workers in a solid Industrial Commonwealth, and establish the economic independence of the workers.

This organization has, I have already said, to withstand onslaughts from various sources, and not least of all is the criticism and opposition from many of the workers themselves. Craft unions look on with disfavor and unorganized work-

ers cannot see any farther than the present. We have been assailed by grafters and traitors, who have been smooth enough to worm themselves into our midst, but these things have to be lived down, and will ultimately build us up stronger.

Let us (Industrial Workers) not despair. The master-class may be able to destroy some of us, or traitors may betray us, but our principles will live for they cannot be destroyed. You workers who produce all wealth, study this Industrial Unionism, for in it lies your economic independence. Liberty or the bondage of wage slavery stares you in the face. Which will you take? Will you remain in slavery, or will you do like Bruce at Bannockburn,

"Lay the proud usurper low
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow,
Let us do or die."

CAPITALISM: A STORY OF TODAY.

(By D. Edelshod, translated by B. Lorton.)

I observed her near a street light. She was about seventeen years of age. Black eyes and an unruled brow. Her clothes were very shabby and her cheeks flushed with shame.

I saw it bitterly. "Buy me, I am hungry; I have had no food," she begged.

Carriages passed by with women wearing silks and furs.

My blood boiled in my veins.

These rich women, legalized prostitutes of the world, and the poor shivering girl compelled through hunger to sell her body.

My heart was torn with pity. "O God," what do I see? "The sacrifice" hunger and disgrace! A policeman, a guardian of society, seized her in his rough grasp. She trembles. She begs him with tears in her eyes. She kneels before the officer of the law; he is unmoved, when anyone is caught in the toils. A great crowd gathers and the patrol wagon arrives. Only her sobs are heard. She struggles but it is useless. The wagon departs and the crowd melts away.

An old story!
A common sight!
And yet her sorrows troubled me.
I cried like a child. I am a fool!

DIRECT ACTION GETS THE GOODS

The following is from the London "Industrialist"—an I. W. W. paper:

"King Pataud," the secretary of the Industrial Union of Paris Electricians, who turned out the lights all over Paris last August, gave a further demonstration of his power on Sunday, March 7th, by placing the Hotel Continental in darkness for nearly half an hour.

"King Pataud" is a mighty personage in the Paris industrial world, and his importance was emphasized by the manner in which he negotiated with the hotel authorities.

The Hotel Continental has its own electric light plant, and the fifteen men employed demanded a rise in wages on the last day of February. The request was ignored, and at 6:30 on Saturday, March 6th, "King Pataud" called at the hotel and sent his card to the manager.

The manager was busy and refused to see him, whereupon "King Pataud" scribbled a telephone number on his card and sent it back to the manager with this message:

"Tell him," he said, "that I am not in the habit of being turned away. However busy he may be now, he will be glad to see me soon. Tell him that this telephone number will find me."

M. Pataud went out, and five minutes later the lights in the hotel did the same. It was dinner time, and an important banquet was to take place, with M. Viviani, the Minister of Labour, in the chair. Confusion reigned. Candles were searched for. The manager telephoned to the electricians and was laughed at. He went down to them, and found them sitting calmly in the dark. They laughed again.

So the manager hunted for M. Pataud's card and telephoned to that potentate. "King Pataud" arrived, and was received by the manager in the dimly lighted vestibule. "I am not in the habit of treating so serious a question standing," was the "king's" first remark. He was handed a chair, and waited complacently while the manager signed an agreement raising the salary of his electricians ten cents a day.

"King Pataud" strolled out of the hotel with this agreement in his pocket, and a moment later the Hotel Continental was a blaze of light again.

NOTICE.

Industrial Union No. 436, I. W. W., is located in Lowell, Mass., 159 Middlesex street. Business meetings, every Wednesday at 8 p. m.

AGAINST THE ARMY BUT FOR THE RACE

There have been men of courage, who, in all ages, have lifted up their voices and wielded their pens against the horrors of war. Some of these have been moved by a sense of justice, some, by sentiment or by a feeling of humanity. As long as these anti-military expressions were contained in bound volumes of poems; as long as the poets and preachers were contented to moralize, they have been unmolested. A striking pen or word picture of the horrors of war, may even entertain a king, so it is interesting. But what is the reception given to those who, not content with wishing and deplored, take practical steps to end war? Ali, quite different. "We abhor war"—"blessed are the peacemakers"—say the preachers, and then pray to their God that He will help one army murder their fellow-men. The altar may be depended on to support the throne now as for centuries. But what of those agitators who busy themselves persuading workingmen that they are worse than foolish to suffer and die a horrible death on the field of battle, because the ruling class of one country is at war with the ruling class of another? What have the priests and preachers; the teachers and the politicians to say of these "agitators?" "Blessed are the peacemakers?" Hardly! "Anarchists," "traitors," "insulters of the flag" is the chorus of the parasites and their mouthpieces.

Would that the carrion stench of the battle-field were mingled with the perfume of the altar flowers when the wretched soldiers go forth to murder—blessed by the church! But the instinct of men tells them to shun pain; workingmen are naturally averse to cruelty; the shriek of the wounded and the moan of the dying compel our sympathy and help. It is only by a systematic warping of all natural feeling, that the church and the state and the school which supports both, are able to hypnotize reasonable beings into crazy savages—to convert workers into beasts of prey. The whole of the literature of the ruling class, with very few exceptions, exalts the soldier and upholds war—"It is sweet and dignified to die for one's country"—but when is there a word or a monument for those who have lived and worked and made the country rich? A smile of contemptuous pity, a shrug of the shoulders are the military honors of the dead soldier of the army of production.

Military power is always against the interest of the working class. What good word can honestly be said for the army, from the workers' point of view? What bad word does it not deserve—and richly? What effect does the army have on the worker as a man? What effect on the working class as a whole? These are questions that every man should ask himself as he sees "the boys in blue" march past. That the army life and the influence of the garrison are degrading and in ways unspeakable, will not be denied by any observer. Will the preacher and politician who extol the uniform, and praise the soldier, allow their daughters to associate with that same soldier? Note the faces of brutality, the beastly habits and swinish excesses of a group of soldiers in any garrison town after pay day. Young men and old, are they not generally degraded? Herded like cattle, ordered about like slaves, human machines, is it that this is supposed to ennoble the soldier?

But what the use of a standing army or a militia in a country like the United States, where the old scare-crow of foreign invasion is so far off—that old scare-crow which has been used for centuries to maintain the armies of Europe? "To keep internal peace!" Ali, yes! To support the class rule of the employers, to break up the strikes of the workers, to bull-pen and shoot the agitators, who would keep the sea of society from becoming a rotting, stagnant pool; tyranny is the true function of the army. Remove the army and who will protect the scabs?

In the same degree that the discontent of the workers increases, so too does the military establishment of the employers. This, at first glance, would seem discouraging. But what are the facts? In France, for example, with an enormous standing army, are the workers in worse condition than in America with not as yet so large a military power? Far from it! The anti-military teaching received by the French soldier not only before the army swallows him, but all the time, has made the military power of France, despite its numbers, a laughing stock to the workers in time of strike. What are the American revolutionary workers doing to honeycomb the American army with such teachings as will make it a rotten prop for the tyranny of the employers against the workers? They are agitating, but not enough. Americans are still deluded with the bauble of "political rights," "republican government," "equal rights" and more clap-trap of the like. But which is worse for a striker: a bullet from a republican rifle or a bullet from a rifle of the Czar?

They say it was a shocking sight—After the field was won, For many thousand bodies there, And many a new-born baby there, And chilid mother died—But things like that, you know, must be

The defenders of the army are the enemies of mankind. Oh, that the unthinking workingman deluded by patriotism, could but see and hear the agony of the dying man as, goaded by pain, he grasps the ground with convulsive energy; that the worker whose eyes are dazzled by the glitter of the uniform, could see the flocks of vultures in the wake of the army. Deluded fool! that shrinks with horror when one of your fellow workers is wounded by your side, will you cheer as you walk through the battlefield hospital, slippery with blood?

As the military power wanes, the power of the workers grows. It is for those of us who respect ourselves and who do not murder, who really want order and not confusion to cry "down with the army" while we have breath left. The peaceful army of production must take the place of the army of destruction, patriotism is indeed "the last refuge of scoundrels" as well as the support of tyranny.

Sentiment will not abolish capitalism, nor the military wing of capitalism. Only the industrial union of the workers is capable not only of defying the army, but of carrying on production when the army and the other relics of savagery shall have been done away.

We read today of the Duchess of Marlborough—one of the title-bought American jillers. It is appropriate to remember that her title is founded on a pyramid of human skulls. The monster who fought the battle of Blenheim was the founder of the house. And in the poem of Robert Southey, "The Battle of Blenheim," the little child—Peterkin—has asked a question which is still unanswered: "What good came of it at last." Workingman, ask yourself the same question!

It was a summer evening.
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he beside his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him, sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.
She saw her brother, Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth and
round!

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head—
And with a natural sigh—
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory!"

I find them in the garden.
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow
My plowshare turns them out—
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory!"

Now tell us what 'twas all about."
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war;
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar said,
"That put the French to rout,
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out—
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!"

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Von little stream, hard by,
They burned his dwelling to the
ground,
And he was forced to fly—
So with his wife and child, he fled,
And had not where to lay his head!"

"With fire and sword the country 'round;
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a new-born baby there,
And chilid mother died—
But things like that, you know, must be

You Railroad Men

Taken in the aggregate, there is no division of the working class more clannish and provincial, more isolated from other divisions of labor's countless army, than railway employees; the workers engaged, directly and indirectly, in steam railway transportation. Nor is there a group or department in the entire working class that, outside of its own sphere of industrial activity, is more ignorant of the true essentials of the labor question or more oblivious of the class struggle and the fundamental principles and objects of the labor movement.

To verify this statement it is not necessary to refer to the unorganized, unskilled and poorly-paid employees; on the contrary, let a dozen engineers and the same number of conductors, picked at random, be put upon the stand and catechized from a primer on economics and see what percentage of them can give even a definition of the term. They know how to run engines and trains and, as a rule, that is practically the limit of their knowledge. That is all the corporations want them to know, and, from their point of view, all they are fit to know.

It is true that they read journals published by their unions in which a five-column account is given of a reception to some "noble grand chief," and as many columns more about babies born and brothers buried, but which may be searched in vain for a line of revolutionary economics to nourish the brain, open the eyes, give cheer to the heart or aspiration to the soul of a corporation slave.

The several unions of railway employees, considered in any military sense, are not labor unions at all. Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers worthy successor of the late P. M. Arthur, is on record as having pledged his word to a well-known railway manager that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers should never go on strike while he was its executive head. The same grand chief is on record as threatening John J. Hennahan, grand master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, with keeping his engineers at work on the Northern Pacific system, virtually scabbing on the firemen, if the latter went on strike.

If the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was a bona fide labor union instead of the fossilized tool of railway corporations its grand chief would be permanently impeached for treason to the working class.

The Civic Federation Review loves to print the portrait of Mr. Stone and idealize him as a "leader of labor" worthy to sit at the feast with, and at the feet of, August Belmont, Andrew Carnegie, Archbishop Ireland and other millionaire labor exploiters who regard workingmen as sheep to be sheared and skinned and slaughtered, and asses to be harnessed and worked and whipped, and, from that point of view, the engineers and the rest of the railway unions are to be congratulated upon their astute leadership.

Think it out; don't let go till you do! Don't take my word; rely on yourself! I can't help you railway slaves. You only can help yourselves. No one else can. If you don't even know that you are slaves in the existing capitalist system, the gods have mercy on you, for your blindness is complete; your condition is pitiable and there is no hope for you but death.

The most pathetic object to me is a corporation slave with a dazzling diamond or a constellation of brass buttons to decorate his deformity and hide the hollows in his gray matter. He swells like a toad as he talks about the good wages "we" are paying; he is a part of the corporation, as a pimple is a part of the plutocrat. He has hinges in his knees. He fawns like a spaniel at the feet of an official, but snarls like a cur at the car inspector or track man. He believes in the "brotherhood of capital and labor"; he is "conservative"; is opposed to politics in the union or the journal; talks about his masters as "our superiors"; is proud of his treachery; does with alacrity what he is ordered to do and asks no questions; is a scab at heart, if not in fact; has no trace of manhood, no self-respect, no honor—craven-hearted and stony-souled—and when he dies Judas Iscariot will have another recruit for his army of the damned.

In his address to the joint committee of the several brotherhoods of railway employees that called at the White House on November 14, 1905, to plead in behalf of the railway corporations, President Roosevelt, among other things, said: "I would be false to your interests if I failed to do justice to the capitalist as much as to the wage-worker."

The president was much impressed by the delegation and the delegation by him. The president was really addressing his own brethren, for, like themselves, he was

a brotherhood man, and had the grip, sign and pass-words, all up to date; and they were all agreed that no injustice must be done the poor capitalists. The latter themselves were not in evidence. Their president and their brotherhoods would see that no harm came to them.

Vice President Fairbanks, once himself a railroad attorney and now a magnate, said:

"The Order of Railway Conductors * * recognizes in full degree the right of both employer and employee and understands full well that in a large sense the interests of one are the interests of the other, and that the interests of neither can be disregarded without harm to both."

Precisely! "Our interests are one," exclaimed the fox, after devouring the goose. "Same here," answered the hawk, with the feathers of the dove still clinging to his beak. "I'm with you," chirped in the shark; and "I congratulate you upon your wise political economy" was the amen of the lion as the lamb's tail disappeared down the red-lane.

The railroads furnish the lion and the brotherhoods the mutton.

It is upon this false basis, this vicious assumption, this fundamental lie, that the railroad brotherhoods are organized, and in that capacity they are of incalculable value to the railroads, the very bulwarks of their defense, and the sure means of keeping the great body of railway employees in economic ignorance, and, therefore, unorganized, divided and helpless.

Can not you hoodwinked railway slaves begin to see something?

In all the history of organized labor, from the earliest times to the present day, no body of union workingmen ever served in a more humiliating and debasing role than that in which the railway unions appear at this very hour before the American people and the world.

It is a spectacle for the gods, and future generations will marvel that such an exhibition of servility was possible in the twentieth century.

I propose now to deal with that ghastly lie itself.

In what way, Mr. Railroad Slave, is your interest identical with that of "Jim" Hill, your master?

He owns the railway system that you workingmen built and now operate.

He pulls every dollar of profit out of it for himself he can, and leaves you not one dollar more than he must.

If you don't suit him, he discharges you; and you then have to pull up stakes and hunt another master. He gets the lion's share, you get what's left; and in the aggregate that is fixed by what is required to fill your dinner pail, cover you with overalls and maintain a habitation where you can raise more wage-slaves to take your place when you are worn out and go to the scrap heap.

The "Jim" Hills live out of your labor—out of your ignorance—for if you were not densely stupid you would not be their dumb-driven cattle.

Now they and their politicians and preachers and "labor leaders" tell you how bright and smart you are to flatter your ignorance, and keep you from opening your eyes to your slavish condition, and above all, to the wage-system, which lies at the bottom of your poverty and degradation.

Your interests as wage-slaves are not only not identical, but are directly opposed to, the interests of the "Jim" Hills and the railroad corporations, and I challenge any of your "grand chiefs" to deny it in my presence on any public platform.

You have got to get rid of the capitalist leeches that suck your hearts' blood through the quill of "identity of interests."

They are in the capitalist class; you are in the working class. They gorge out profits; what's left you get for wages. They are millionaires; you are paupers. They have everything; you do everything. They live in palaces; you in shanties. They have abundance of leisure and mountains of money; you have neither. Finally, they are few; you are legions!

Poor, dumb giant, you could in a breath extinguish your pigmy exploiter, were you only conscious of your overwhelming power!

The workers made and operate all the railroads; the capitalists had and have nothing to do with either. They pocket the proceeds on a basis of watered-stock and other "stock," in the form of employees, and then issue fraudulent reports to show on what a small margin of profit they are actually doing business.

In this connection it should be said that the railroads pad their "operating expenses" outrageously to deceive their employees and the general public, and their reports can be shown to be full of duplication and fraud. They are not required to itemize their "operating expenses" in their reports to the interstate commerce commission; and when he dies Judas Iscariot will have another recruit for his army of the damned.

And if they ever go out on strike, particularly the B. L. E., their own former

Eugene V. Debs in Wayland's Monthly

ports of the directors to the stockholders, and an examination of these will disclose the swindle and show how much reliance can be placed in the public reports of private grafters.

Mr. Railway Slave, to resume our interview, you are not in the same class with the "Jim" Hills of the railroads. You don't ride in their private cars and yachts and automobiles. Your wives don't wear the same kind of clothes and jewelry and move in the same circle with theirs. You don't join them in their luxuriant travels to Europe when they are received by the crowned heads and other parasites and given a private audience by the pope. You stay at home and sweat and suffer to foot all the bills; they do all the rest.

To sum up: They are in the capitalist class; you in the working class. They are masters; you slaves. They fleece and pluck; you furnish the wool and feathers.

That is the basis of the class struggle. Upon that basis you have got to organize and fight before you can move an inch toward freedom.

You have got to unite in the same labor union and in the same political party and strike and vote together, and the hour you do that, the world is yours.

The railroads will oppose this; they want to keep you divided and at their mercy. Your grand officers will oppose it; they want to keep you divided and continue to draw their salaries.

When you have a little time figure out the amount annually paid to the grand officers of the railway unions in salaries and expenses, and you will be amazed; you will also understand why railroad employees will never get together as long as their grand officers can prevent it.

By the way, why do you persist in calling your officers "Grand Chiefs" and "Grand Masters"? Are they "grand" because you are petty?

The working class, the rank and file, are grander than all the labor leaders, good and bad, that ever lived.

The capitalist class! The working class! The class struggle! These are the supreme economic and political facts of this day and the precise terms that express them.

These are the grim realities in the existing capitalist system; and the sooner you drop your brotherhood toys and deal with the labor question, to which most of you are strangers, the better will it be for you.

What is the labor question?

It is the question of the working class organizing to overthrow the capitalist class, emancipating itself from wage slavery and making itself the ruling class of the world.

Can this be done?

Anything can be done by the working class.

Labor has but to awaken to its own power. Then the earth and all its fullness will be for labor. Now the exploiters of labor have it; and they must be put out of that business and into useful service.

First of all, you railroad workers, you million and almost a half of slaves, must wake up; realize that you are a part of the working class and that the whole working class must unite, close up the ranks and present a solid front, every day in the year, election day, especially included.

As individual wage-slaves you are helpless and your condition hopeless. As a class, you are the greatest power between the earth and the stars. As a class, your chains turn to spider-webs and in your presence capitalists shrivel up and blow away.

The individual wage-slave must recognize the power of class unity and do all he can to bring it about.

That is what is called class-consciousness, in the light of which may be seen the class struggle in startling vividness.

Let me tell you a few things the railroad corporations and your leaders, between whom is an "identity of interests," are having you do to occupy your time and keep you chained to the kennels of your masters.

First—they have you divided into petty groups, each trying to be it, and not one having any real power for working class good.

Second—they have you quarreling about jurisdiction and about an "open door," and the corporations smile serenely while you play with these toys.

Your jurisdiction squabbles never will be settled, but grow worse. At places the B. L. E. and B. L. F. are at swords' points, and the O. R. C. and B. R. T. are ready to fly at each others' throats; and so intense is the petty craft jealousy that they are ready to stab on one another.

And if they ever go out on strike, particularly the B. L. E., their own former

(Continued on Page 6)

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You Railroad Men

(Continued from Page 7)

members, victimized by them, will rise up to smite them.

The other day I met a man who had an official position that paid him \$5,000.00 a year. Said he to me: "I will quit this job but for one thing, and that will be to take an engine when the B. L. E. go out on strike." He used to be a member.

There are any number of men scattered over the country—most of them its own former members—waiting for the B. L. E. to strike, and the day is not distant when that union will reap the harvest it has sown.

Third—You are kept apart from other workers, for it would be dangerous if you affiliated with them and got an idea above the round-house or caboose or cab you work in. Besides, you might get class-conscious and that would endanger your slavery.

Fourth—You spend hours in the lodge room, "riding the goat," getting the secret work "down fine," giving "passwords" and "signs," and unpacking job-lots of "secret work" that any railroad official in the country can have any day, he wants it.

These are but bibs and rattles for men—tal babies, and the more time you amuse yourselves with them the less danger there is of your thinking about anything that will break your chains and set you free.

These are a few of the things; I have not space for more. The hundreds of columns of stale stuff rehashed for years in your journals that might be called goose gossip would, perhaps, be excusable in the official organ of some feeble-minded asylum, but it is woefully out of place in a working class publication.

Now let me say a few more things—and space will allow only a few of the many that might be put down—that you may think about at your leisure.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is forty-two years old and has never won a railway strike of any consequence in all its career.

It is called a success because the corporations make some concessions to it so as to use it as a battering ram against other employees in the service; and this is substantially true of all the brotherhoods.

Then, again, the brotherhoods are used against each other.

The union switchmen on the Denver and Rio Grande, at Pittsburg and other places; the engineers on the C. B. & Q.; the telegraph operators on the A. & P., M., K. & T., Great Northern and Northern Pacific; and the machinists on the Santa Fe are but a few of the long list, of victims of the "dog-eat-dog" unionism, a quarter of a century behind the times.

But the grand officers of the several unions attend one another's conventions and join in solemn chorus in telling the delegates of each other's unions what wise grand officers they have, how kind the corporations are to them, and how proud they ought to be of their noble brotherhoods.

In the next few years locomotive engineers will become motormen and firemen will disappear. It is safe to say that in another twenty years locomotive firemen will be practically of the past. They can then cling to their last straw—their insurance policy—and that is the main thing that holds them together today. But for that they would soon cave in, and that is true of them all. They are then, primarily, coffin clubs and not labor unions. They care for the sick and bury the dead—a good thing, incidentally, for the corporations. To get the full benefits, it is necessary to be maimed or killed.

It is well to bury the dead, but the living are infinitely more important.

One effective blow to break the chains of wage slavery is better than a century of attention to dead bodies.

Class consciousness is better than corpse-consciousness.

A mighty social revolution is impending—it is shaking the earth from center to circumference, and only the dead may be deaf to its rumblings.

Revolutionary education and organization is the vital need of the working class.

Let every railroad employee who is alive enough to want to know how the working class can emancipate the working class and walk the earth free, and enjoy all its manifold blessings, subscribe for a revolutionary paper and read it for a year; and he will then find himself with the rest of us, in class-conscious array, in the struggle for freedom.

F. H. Little, president of No. 218, W. F. of M., Pioneer, Nevada, sends us some encouraging words and four subs. He says the boys there are doing all in their power to reinstate the Western Federation of Miners as the Mining Department of the I. W. W.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Albert Simpson of Chicago, has ordered a bundle of 100 and says that the "Industrial Worker" is just what is needed.

No. 64 I. W. W., Minneapolis, orders a bundle of 300 Industrial Workers and from all accounts Minneapolis is stirring in a revolutionary way. Keep at it.

John Pancner of Kraft, Cal., says "that if we had had a District Council and a good paper in Nevada, the first year, we could have held our own better. We must strive to keep up the Industrial Worker in the Northwest."

O. Brostrom, secretary of No. 12, Los Angeles, Cal., orders a bundle of 100 and says that he thinks the Industrial Worker will be a great help to the Union in the West and is glad to see the I. W. W. in Spokane publishing a paper.

Henry Tutthill of the Propaganda League, Buffalo, N. Y., has ordered 100 copies of this number, and expects to send in a big bunch of subs. He says the members like the Industrial Worker for the plain, outspoken truth it tells.

Gustaf Coppins of No. 436, Lowell, Mass., says: "We are going to celebrate the First of May and it will be an amusing time. We will start at 6 o'clock with songs, and then we will have a parade in the hall on the Belgian style. The last number on the program will be a ball. All this will take place in Leather Workers' Hall, 943 Central street. The charge is 10 cents for ladies and 15 cents for men."

For the benefit of those in California, or who are going there, Fellow Worker J. Pancner says that the conditions on the Los Angeles aqueduct are as follows: Laborers, \$2.00 per day; muckers, \$2.50; miners, \$3.00; carpenters, \$3.00; funkeys, \$3.00 per month and board; cooks, \$75.00. Get off at Mojave Station. The grub is on the bum and the weather hot. The only thing tolerable, is the eight-hour day. The slaves are leaving fast.

NOTES FROM SLEEPY PORTLAND.

Fellow Worker Pat Welsh, who was hurt by a street car last March, is slowly improving.

Fellow Workers J. Patton and Jessup, who have been up at Dec., Ore., for the last month, report some work there, but bad conditions. They will "come down the hill" next week.

The Industrial Worker is a great factor in rousing the workers to action. It is the only working class paper in the country today that can get next to the common stiff who has nothing to lose but his blankets.

CRIPPLE KICKED BY A BRUTE.

Albert V. Roe sells the "Industrial Worker" on the street of Spokane. The employment sharks do not like the Worker. On Saturday, April 24, 1909, as Roe was selling the paper on Stevens street he was brutally assaulted by Albert H. Jellsett, a Spokane policeman. Jellsett stole up back of Roe and kicked him. Roe is a man with only one arm. The police then took Roe to the police station on a charge of "disorderly conduct." Roe was let out of jail in two days with no trial. The police judge—that incorruptible patriot—offered to let Roe go with no trial if Roe would agree not to bring charges against the police brute! A one-armed cripple assaulted—from behind—and then a judge trying to save the policeman from exposure! Comment is needless. Wait till we are better organized, and can regulate these crimes. Nothing has been done to Jellsett and nothing will be done by the courts. If Roe had been killed, is there any simple, plain fool who thinks that there would have been so much as an investigation by the officials? It is to be hoped that this is only an incident; that the I. W. W. men will continue to be clubbed, arrested and kicked; that the police will continue to enter the dwellings of Union men at night and search the house—a la Russia. This will get the scum off the workers' eyes who still think they have any legal rights. It is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases.

FROM THE ASSOCIATED PRESS:

Paris, April 27.—Although the leaders of the general federation of labor, who are organizing a 24-hour strike for May 1 disclaim any violent revolutionary intentions the government is taking elaborate precautions to preserve order on that day. Warships rigged with wireless telegraphy have been stationed along the coast for the purpose of preserving communication with the Eiffel tower of Paris, and heavy bodies of troops have been drafted into the capital from Versailles to St. Germain.

Industrial Union is the "Future Government" and almost the Present Government in France! Cheer up, you scissor-bills.

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